M.

Major of Garratt.

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Mr. RUSSELL,

AS JERRY SNEAK.

Engraved by Tho.s Wright from an original drawing by Wageman

Published by Longman & Marshall Stationers Hall Court Pall Mall.

Oxberry's Edition.

THE

MAYOR OF GARRATT.

A FARCE;

By Samuel Foote.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

MAYOR OF GARRATT.

Foote was the Hogarth of the drama; his subjects are generally from common life, or if he occasionally travels into a higher sphere, it is only to detect and caricature its follies. The ridiculous of human nature seems ever to have been present to him, and he brings out the result in all the glow and life of reality. To such genius the highest praise is due; it should be carefully distinguished from that inferior kind of talent which excites laughter not by the follies but the excellencies of humanity; not by a true picture of absurdities, but by a distorted portrait of beauty. The one is the wit of ideas, the other of terms; the one is deeply founded in nature, the other is a mere art, a play with words, which, whatever its merits may be, has no right to the place it holds. Distinct as the classes seem, they are too often blended and mistaken.

Though the Mayor of Garratt is very local, it does not yet seem to have lost any of its interest; it is true that we are no longer a nation of volunteers; the clerk is contented to brandish his quill, or if he flies from the desk, it is to play the gentleman and the lounger; the doctor kills only in one capacity; and the attorney fights only with the weapons of the law; Major Sturgeon, therefore, no longer interests us as a volunteer; it is the portrait of one deceased, and with whom the present generation has no acquaintance; but still a great portion of the character retains its original freshness; his blustering cowardice, the affectation that puts on a character foreign to his life and habits, and which sits on him as Goliah's helmet would upon a child, these are imperishable qualities; the dress of the portrait is a little out of fashion, but the face is familiar; nothing can be truer than the Major's consciousness of character; a soldier wears his sword as a thing of habit, without betraying a thought upon it; the novice shews he is a novice by a perpetual attention to the novelties of his character.

Jerry Sneak, the hen-pecked husband, is a picture that will always be familiar to every people, unless the world

should cease to commit matrimony, or be visited by a second golden age. The insolence of his wife forms a natural relief that throws out his weakness in the most brilliant colours. She is drawn with admirable truth and precision.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruin are the greatest blots in the piece, not considered as individuals, for they are very tolerable sketches, but as injurious to the general design. They are the exact reverses of Jerry and his mate; so exact that it is something more than marvellous such beings so opposed, should be brought together; we feel that chance would hardly have done this, and it makes the whole out of nature. Nor does this violent contrast answer any purpose; Mr. and Mrs. Sneak were sufficient to develope each other's character. This is a defect too frequently to be found in the drama of every nation.

Master Heeltap is admirable; he seems to be fresh from the public house of some village, and it may be safely doubted whether any system of general education will do away with such pieces of clever ignorance; the porter is fresh upon his lips, and he breathes tobacco. It is a part of refinement not to understand, or at least not to relish such characters; to know common orders of life is to be common; to get drunk with porter, is to be vulgar; to get drunk with claret, is to be a gentleman; the sin is nothing, but the liquor is material. The comparison might be extended farther, to the more noble vice of adultery; but it is not needed.

It is not improbable that this excellent, perhaps unrivalled farce, may one day be forgotten; we are happily refining to a point, where nothing in deed is vicious; but the slightest indelicacy of speech is an evil to be ejected from society.

Mr. Samuel Foote, was born at Truro, in Cornwall, but in what year is not certain. His father was a commissioner of the Prize Office and Fine Contract. His mother was heiress of the Dineley and Goodere families. He received his education at Worcester College, Oxford. From the University he was removed to the Temple, being designed for the study of the law; but he chose rather to employ his talents in a sphere of action to which they seemed better adapted, viz. on the stage. His first appearance was in the part of Othello. He soon discovered that his *forte* did not lie in tragedy, and therefore struck out into a new and untrodden path, by

taking upon him the double character of author and performer; and opened the Little Theatre in the Haymarket with a Dramatic piece, of his own writing, called the *Diversions of the Morning*; which consisted of nothing more than the introduction of several well-known characters in real life, whose manner of conversation and expression this author had very happily hit in the diction of the drama, and still more happily represented on the stage by an exact and most amazing imitation, not only of the manner and tone of voice, but even of the very persons, of those whom he intended to *take off*. This piece experienced a run of forty mornings, to crowded and splendid audiences. He continued for several years to entertain the public, by selecting for their use such characters as were best calculated to excite an innocent laugh.

In February 1766, he had the misfortune to fall from his horse, while at Lord Mexborough's seat in the country, on a visit, when the Duke of York also was there. By this accident he lost his leg; but it is generally supposed that it facilitated his application for a patent, which he obtained on the 9th of July in the same year. He died at Dover, on the 20th of October, 1777. And was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His Dramatic works are,—*The Auction of Pictures*, D. Piece, 1748. N.P.—*Taste*, C. 8vo. 1752.—*The Englishman in Paris*, C. 8vo. 1753.—*The Knights*, C. 8vo. 1754.—*The Englishman Returned from Paris*, C. 8vo. 1756.—*The Author*, C. 8vo. 1757.—*The Minor*, C. 8vo. 1760.—*The Orators*, C. 8vo. 1762.—*The Lyar*, C. 1762; Printed 8vo. 1764.—*The Mayor of Garratt*, F. 8vo. 1764.—*The Patron*, C. 8vo. 1764.—*The Commissary*, C. 8vo. 1765.—*Prelude on opening the Theatre*, 1767; Printed in the Monthly Mirror, Vol. xvii.—*The Lame Lover*, C. 8vo. 1770.—*Piety in Pattens*, Sent. C. 1773. N.P.—*The Bankrupt*, C. 8vo. 1776.—*The Devil upon Two Sticks*, C. 1768; Printed 8vo. 1778.—*The Maid of Bath*, C. 1771; Printed 8vo. 1778.—*The Nabob*, C. 1772; Printed 8vo. 1778.—*The Cozeners*, C. 1774; Printed 8vo. 1778.—*The Capuchin*, C. 1776; Printed 8vo. 1778.—*A Trip to Calais*, C. 8vo. 1778.—*Diversions of the Morning*, D. Piece. 1747, 1758; 12mo. 1795.—*Lindamira*, Burlesque. 8vo. 1805.—*The Slanderer*, C. Unfinished. Left in M.S.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is generally one hour and three quarters.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. . . is meant . Right Hand.
L.H. . . . . Left Hand.
S.E. . . . . Second Entrance.
U.E. . . . . Upper Entrance.
M.D. . . . . Middle Door.
D.F. . . . . Door in Flat.
R.H.D. . . . . Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. . . . . Left Hand Door.

Costume.

SIR JACOB JOLLUP.

Brown coat, waistcoat and breeches.

MAJOR STURGEON.

Scarlet regimental coat, and flowered waistcoat, scarlet breeches, black boots, and gold laced hat.

JERRY SNEAK.

Crimson coat, bordered white waistcoat, and black breeches.

CRISPIN HEELTAP.

Brown jacket and cap, red breeches.

BRUIN.

Brown coat, waistcoat and breeches.

SNUFFLE.

Black coat and breeches, flowered waistcoat.

MRS. SNEAK.

Blue sarsnet gown trimmed with crimson ribbon, crimson silk scarf.

MRS. BRUIN.

White muslin gown, and coloured scarf.

Persons Represented.

As Acted at Drury Lane, 1764.

Major Sturgeon	Mr. Foote,
Sir Jacob Jollup	Mr. Baddeley.
Jerry Sneak	Mr. Weston.
Bruin	Mr. Moody.
Roger	Mr. Clough.
Mob.	Messrs. Fox, Mar, Watkins, &c.
Snuffle	Mr. Vaughan.
Crispin Heeltap	Mr. Bransby.
Mrs. Bruin	Mrs. Lee.
Mrs. Sneak	Mrs. Clive.

	Drury Lane. 1820.	*Covent Garden.* 1792.
Major Sturgeon	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. Wilson.
Sir Jacob Jollup	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Powell.
Jerry Sneak	Mr. Russell.	Mr. Fawcett.
Bruin	Mr. G. Smith.	Mr. Cubitt.
Roger	Mr. Moreton.	Mr. Farley.
Mob.	Messrs. Hudson, Moss, Read, &c.	Messrs. Ledger, &c. &c.
Snuffle	Mr. Keeley.	
Crispin Heeltap	Mr. Gattie.	
Mrs. Bruin	Mrs. Scott.	Mrs. Cross.
Mrs. Sneak	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. Mattocks.

THE

MAYOR OF GARRATT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sir Jacob Jollup's House at Garratt.*

Enter SIR JACOB JOLLUP L.H.

Sir J. Roger.

Enter ROGER, L.H.

Roger. Anan, sir!

Sir J. Sir, sirrah! and why not sir Jacob, you rascal? Is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubb'd me a knight for you to make me a mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Roger. Nic Goose, the tailor, from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Roger. Safe, sir Jacob.

Sir J. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Then give me the key; the mob will soon be upon

us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Roger. I will, sir Jacob. [*Exit*, L.H.

Sir J. So, now I believe things are pretty secure.—But I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they—(*A Knocking at the Gate.*) Who is that, Roger?

Roger. (*Without.*) Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

Sir J. Gad's my life! and major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON, L.H.

I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, major Sturgeon.

Major S. Why, what has been the matter, sir Jacob?

Sir J. There has, major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

Major S. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

Sir J. No, no, he wanted the major more than the magistrate: a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose.—Well, major, our wars are done; the rattling drum and squeaking fife now wound our ears no more.

Major S. True, sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied; so the French may sleep in security.

Sir J. But, major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

Major S. A little awkward in the beginning, sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir J. No!

Major S. No. There is more made of these matters than

they merit. For the general good indeed I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self,—and yet we have had some desperate duty, sir Jacob.

Sir J. No doubt.

Major S. Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating! —Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow; that day's work carried off major Molossas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir J. How came that about?

Major S. Why, it was partly the major's own fault; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir J. Spirit;—zeal for the service.

Major S. Doubtless. But to proceed: in order to get our men in good spirits, we were quartered at Thistleworth the evening before. At day-break our regiment formed at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The major made a fine disposition: on we marched, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig-sty, that we might take the gallows in flank, and at all events secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen from Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir J. Terrible!

Major S. The major's horse took to his heels; away he scour'd o'er the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into his flank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the major a dowse in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Sir J. Dreadful!

Major S. Whether from the fall or the fright, the major mov'd off in a month. Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir J. As how?

Major S. Why, as captain Cucumber, lieutenant Pattyman, ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-green stage, we were stopp'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a single footpad.

Sir J. An unfortunate day indeed!

Major S. But, in some measure to make me amends, I got the major's commission.

Sir J. You did?

Major S. O, yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwise we always succeeded of course: no jumping over heads, no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir J. Quiet and peaceable.

Major S. As lambs, sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between captain Sheers and the colonel, concerning a game at all-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir J. Why, that was mere mutiny; the captain ought to have been broke.

Major S. He was; for the colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom; and I don't think poor captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since

Sir J. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas?

Major S. In part only: no, sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was train'd up to arms from his youth; at sixteen, he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen, got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to sir Jeffrey Grubb, knight, alderman, and colonel of the yellow.

Sir J. A rapid rise!

Major S. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines; so after shop was shut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Your progress was great.

Major S. Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir J. A perfect Hannibal!

Major S. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions. Let me tell you, sir Jacob, it was lucky that monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir J. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

Major S. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting pro arvis and focus.

Sir J. Pray, now, major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

Major S. Why, sir Jacob, it does not become me to say; but, lack-a-day, they have never seen any service.—Holiday soldiers! Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord-mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir J. Indeed!

Major S. No! soldiers for sunshine, cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the jenny sequoi that—Oh, could you but see me salute! You have never a spontoon in the house?

Sir J. No; but we could get you a shove-pike.

Major S. No matter. Well, sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir J. Oh, oh, now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them: come, own now, major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry!

Major S. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir J. True, true, major.

Major S. But that is now all over with me. "Farewell to the plumed steeds and neighing troops," as the black man says in the play; like the Roman censurer, I shall retire to my Savine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir J. Under the shade of your laurels.

Major S. True; I have done with the major, and now return to the magistrate; cedunt arma togge.

Mob. (*Without.*) Huzza!

Re-enter ROGER, L.H.

Sir J. What's the matter now, Roger?

Roger. The electors desire to know if your worship has any body to recommend?

Sir J. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Roger. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heeltap, the cobler, being returning officer?

Sir J. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober. Is he there?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob, Make way there; stand further off from the gate: here is madam Sneak in a chaise along with her husband.

Major S. 'Gadso, you will permit me to convoy her in.

[*Exit*, L.H.

Sir J. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains taking a Billingsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of its element; the soldier has quite demolish'd the citizen.

Re-enter MAJOR STURGEON, L.H. *leading in* MRS. SNEAK.

Mrs. S. Dear major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a prefusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad.—Jerry, Jerry, Sneak!—Your blessing, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. S. Why Jerry Sneak! I say.

Enter JERRY SNEAK, L.H. *with a Band-box and a bundle under his Arm, and Cardinal, &c.*

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs. S. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse. Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

Sneak. Yes, chuck,

Mrs. S. Then give me my fan. (*Jerry drops the Things in searching his Pocket for the Fan.*)

Mrs. S. Did ever mortal see such—I declare, I am quite asham'd to be seen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy. (*Crosses to Centre.*) Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir J. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: but where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father sir Jacob; he did but just step into the Alley to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir J. Very well, son Sneak. [*Exit Sneak*, R.H.

Mrs. S. Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

Sir J. I hope all for the best: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister; one house could never have contain'd you. Now, I thought this meek mate—

Mrs. S. Meek! a mushroom! a milksop!

Sir J. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster.

[*Exit*, R.H.

Mrs. S. Monster? Why, major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse. Had my kind stars indeed allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself in a beseemingly manner.

Major S. Unquestionably, madam.

Mrs. S. Nor would the major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Major S. I should have been too happy.

Mrs. S. Indeed, sir, I reverence the army; they are all so brave, so polite, so every thing a woman can wish.

Major S. Oh, madam—

Mrs. S. So elegant, so genteel, so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a major?

Major S. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, madam.

Mrs. S. I know it, good sir; Oh! I am no stranger to what I have miss'd.

Major S. Oh, madam!—Let me die but she has infinite merit. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. S. Then to be join'd to a sneaking slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker!

Major S. Melancholy!

Mrs. S. To be jostled and cramm'd with the crowd; no respect, no place, no precedence; to be chok'd with the smoke of the city; no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but to Pewterer's-hall.

Major S. Intollerable

Mrs. S. I see, sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Major S. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs. S. Gallant gentleman!

Major S. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. S. Intrepid major!

Major S. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. S. Obliging commander!

Major S. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. S. Sir!

Major S. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand?

Mrs. S. You have a right to all we can grant.

Major S. Courteous, condescending, complying.—Hum! —Ha! (*Kisses her Hand.*)

Re-enter JERRY SNEAK, R.H.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs. S. I wish they had all been sous'd in the Thames.—A prying, impertinent puppy! (*Aside to Major.*)

Major S. Next time I will clap a sentinel to secure the door. (*Aside to Mrs. S.*)

Mrs. S. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

Major S. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs. S. Ladyship! he is the very brogiio and bellisle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. S. No, dolt; what, would you leave the major alone? Is that your manners you mongrel?

Major S. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your sweet idera will be my constant companion.

Mrs. S. Mark that.

Sneak. Yes.

Mrs. S. I am sorry sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Major S. Madam—

Mrs. S. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Major S. Oh, madam—

Mrs. S. But as soon as my dress is restored, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Major S. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs. S. Courteous commander!

Major S. Paragon of women!

Mrs. S. Adieu!

Major S. Adieu! Tol lol.

[*Crosses to* L.H.—*Exit Mrs. Sneak*, R.H.

Sneak. Notwithstanding, sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Major S. I doubt not, master Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday night to our club, at the Nag's head in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith; there's Jemmy Perkins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honest master Muzzle, the midwife.—

Major S. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the choice spirits from Comus's court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny. I have learnt myself to sing, but I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says as how I bawl worser than the broom-man.

SONG.

When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad,
My grandfather I did lose O.
I'll bet you a cann, you have heard of the man,
His name it was Robinson Crusoe.

Chorus. *O Robinson Crusoe!*
O Robinson Crusoe!
Tink a tink, tang, tink a ting tang,
O poor Robinson Crusoe.

Perhaps you've read in a book, of a voyage he took,
And how the whirlwind blew so,
That the ship with a shock, drove plump on a rock,
Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

Poor soul, none but he remain'd on sea,
Ah fate, fate how could you do so!
Till ashore he was thrown, on an island unknown.
O poor Robinson Crusoe.

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

He wanted to eat, and he sought for some meat,
But the cattle away from him flew so,
That but for his gun, he'd been surely undone,
O poor Robinson Crusoe.

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

But he'd sav'd from aboard an old gun and a sword,
And another odd matter or two, so,
That by dint of his thrift, he manag'd to shift;
Well done Robinson Crusoe.

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

And he happen'd to save from the merciless wave,
A poor parrot, I assure you 'tis true, so,
That when he came home from a merciless roam,
She cried out "poor Robinson Crusoe."

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c

He got all the wood that ever he could,
And stuck it together with glue, so,
That he made him a hut, wherein he did put
The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

He us'd to wear a cap, and a coat with long nap,
With a beard as long as a Jew, so,—
That by all that is civil! he look'd like a devil,
More than poor Robinson Crusoe.

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

And then his man Friday kept his hut neat and tidy,
To be sure 'twas his business to do so;
And, friendly together, less like servant than brother,
Liv'd Friday and Robinson Crusoe.

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

At last an English sail came near within hail,
Then he took to his little canoe, so,
That on reaching the ship, they gave him a trip,
Back to the country of Robinson Crusoe.

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

Major S. You must not think of disobliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Major S. That's right: she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power! And don't you think she is very pretty withal?

Major S. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, wery like Wenus.—Mayhap you have known her some time?

Major S. Long.

Sneak. Belike before she was married?

Major S. I did, master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand; for we ben't quite so familiar as that.—But then indeed we han't been married a year.

Major S. The mere honeymoon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

Bruin. (*Without.* L.H.) Come along, Jane; why you are pursy and lazy, you jade—

Enter BRUIN *and* MRS. BRUIN, L.H. *his Wife with his great Coat and Fishing-rod.*

Bruin. Come along! Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant unknown. (*To Major.*)

Re-enter ROGER, R.H.

Roger. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the major.

Major S. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. [*Exit Major,* R.H.] A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk across the fields.

Mrs. B. Good lord, I am all over dirt.

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the stage; but you are a lazy lie a-bed—

Mrs. B. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

Bruin. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money.

Mrs. B. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. B. And pray who is more fitterer to be trusted?

Bruin. Hey-day? Why, the wench is bewitch'd: come, come, let's have none of your palaver here:—take twelvepence and pay the waterman.—But first see if he has broke none of the pipes:—And, d'ye hear, Jane, be sure to lay the fishing-rod safe. [*Exit Mrs. Bruin,* L.H.

Sneak. Odds me, how finely she's manag'd! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think so? She is a sweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil. O Lord, I lead the life of a dog. Why, she allows me but two shillings a-week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays all: and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would souse them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durst not. And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drum-sticks of the turkeys, and the damn'd fat flaps of shoulders of mutton. I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust since we have been married. You see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin; God, I would so curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to—

Mrs. S. (*Without*, R.H.) Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. 'Gads my life, sure as a gun that's her woice: lookye, brother, I don't choose to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. S. (*Without*, R.H.) Jerry! Jerry!

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wish—

Mrs. S. (*Without*, R.H.) Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as fast as I can. Good Lord what a sad life do I lead! [*Exit*, R.H.

Bruin. Ex quovis linguo; who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear.

Enter SIR JACOB, R.H.

Sir J. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man; we have but just time for a snack; the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean-spirited—Damn it, before I would submit to such a—

Sir J. Come, come, man; don't be so crusty.

Bruin. I follow, sir Jacob. Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine.—Jerry! Jerry! —Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [*Exeunt*, R.H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—SIR JACOB JOLLUP, MAJOR STURGEON, BRUIN, MRS. BRUIN, JERRY SNEAK, *and* MRS. SNEAK, *discovered on Sir Jacob's Garden Wall.*

Enter MOB, L.H. *with* HEELTAP *at their Head; some crying "a Goose," others "a Mug," others "a Primmer."*

Heel. Silence, there; silence!

1 *Mob.* Hear neighbour Heeltap.

2 *Mob.* Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3 *Mob.* Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin: he will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel. Why then, silence! I say.

All. Silence.

Heel. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1 *Mob.* Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All. No, no. no.

Heel. Silence then, and keep the peace: what, is there no respect paid to authority? Am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel. Well then, be silent and civil; stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters. Where's Simon Snuffle the sexton?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel. Let him come forward; we appoint him our secretary: for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3 *Mob.* Room for master Snuffle.

Heel. Here, stand by me: and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but first, your reverence to the lord of the manor: a long life and a merry one to our landlord, sir Jacob! Huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin?

Heel. Servant, master Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them. Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. (*Reads.*) *To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient corporation of Garratt: gentlemen, your votes and interest are humbly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said office, he being——*

Heel. This goose is but a kind of gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel. Who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman tailor from Putney.

Heel. A journeyman tailor! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burden for the back of a porter; and can you think that this cross-legg'd cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

1 *Mob.* No goose! no goose!

2 *Mob.* A goose!

Heel. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. (*Reads.*) *Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug.*

1 *Mob.* A mug! a mug!

Heel. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of

the tankard: but fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this master Mug before we swallow him; and, unless I am mistaken you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1 *Mob.* A mug! a mug!

2 *Mob.* Hear him; hear master Heeltap.

1 *Mob.* A mug! a mug!

Heel. Harkye, you fellow with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question: bring him forward. Pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3 *Mob.* I believe he may.

Heel. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve?

3 *Mob.* I believe he may.

Heel. Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3 *Mob.* I don't know.

Heel. You lie, sirrah: an't it a groat?

3 *Mob.* I believe it may.

Heel. Oh, may be so. Now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Heel. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the schoolmaster.

Heel. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: let me tell you, master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning, that can lay down the law: why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson; and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia. 'Ecod, George Gage the exciseman is nothing at all to un.

4 *Mob.* A Primmer.

Heel. Ay, if the folks above did but know him. Why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2 *Mob.* Indeed!

Heel. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3 *Mob.* Indeed!

Heel. "For," says Peter, says he, "if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

1 *Mob.* Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel. He is, master Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterers'-hall, 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel. Like enough.

Sneak. Odds me, brother Bruin, can you tell me what is become of my vife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden. I will go and take a peep at what they are doing.

[*Exit from the Wall,* L.H.

Mob. (*Without.*) Huzza!

Heel. Gad-so! the candidates are coming.

[*Exeunt Mob, &c.* L.H.

Re-enter SIR JACOB JOLLUP, BRUIN, *and* MRS. BRUIN, *through the Garden Gate,* L.H.

Sir J. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, sir Jacob, my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. B. No?

Sir J. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over fond of your May-games: besides corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, sir Jacob.

Sir J. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant; but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. B. Well now, I protest I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are easily pleas'd.

Mrs. B. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave, I can tell you; for this is the last you shall see. So away with you. [*Exit Mrs. Bruin,* L.H.

Sir J. Fie, Mr. Bruin, how can you be such a bear? Is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What, I suppose you would have me such a snivelling sot as your son-in-law, Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to—

Re-enter JERRY SNEAK, *in a violent hurry, at the Garden Gate,* L.H.

Sneak. Vhere's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Vhy, you know I went into the garden to look for my vife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minikins; but the deuce a Major or madam could I see: at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house——

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you: the door was lock'd; and then I look'd through the key-hole: and there,—Lord ha' mercy upon us! (*Whispers.*) as sure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durst not. Vhat, vould you have me set my vit to a soldier? I warrant the major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings! You see, sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence. You may call me a bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast.

(*Mob Huzzas,* L.H.)

Sir J. Hey-day! What, is the election over already?

Enter CRISPIN HEELTAP, *&c.* L.H.

Heel. Where is master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! Good lord, who vould have thought it? But how came master Primmer to lose it?

Heel. Why, Phil Fleam had told the electors, that master

Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then I have it for certain: huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my madam. 'Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Mrs. S. (*Without.*) Jerry! Jerry!

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Enter MRS. SNEAK, *through the Garden Gate*, L.H.

Mrs. S. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

Mrs. S. So, sot, what is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tan't: I don't choose to trust my affairs with a voman.—Is that right, brother Bruin? (*Apart.*)

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch. (*Apart.*)

Sneak. Stand by me. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. S. Hey-day! I am amaz'd! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain; that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.*

Mrs. S. Why, the fellow is surely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: vhat, I am the husband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right; at her again. (*Apart.*)

Sneak. Yes, and you shan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and visit my friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to vhat wittles I like; and I'll have a bit of the brown, d—n me.

Bruin. Bravo, brother Sneak, the day's your own. (*Apart.*)

* At the beginning of every speech he addresses to his wife, he advances towards her, and at the end retreats behind Bruin.

Sneak. An't it? Vhy, I did not think it was in me. Shall I tell her all I know? (*Apart.*)

Bruin. Every thing. You see she is struck dumb. (*Apart.*)

Sneak. As an oyster. (*Apart.*) Besides, madam, I have something furder to tell you: 'ecod, if some folks go into gardens with Majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. S. Why, doodle! jackanapes! harkye, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names. Am I? vhy, my vife, and I am your master.

Mrs. S. My master! you paltry, puddling puppy! you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. S. Have I, sirrah, demean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee? Have I not made myself a by-word to all my acquaintance? Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it? Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak; to take up at last with such a noodle as he!

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs. S. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows I could have pick'd and choos'd where I would. Did not I refuse 'squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? Did not counsellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? Did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. S. My last legs!—but I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fie, sister Sneak. (*Holds her.*)

Sneak. Hold her fast. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. S. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, is it you that have stirred up these coals then? He is set on by you to abuse me.

Bruin. Not I, I would only have a man behave like a man

Mrs. S. What, and you are to teach him, I warrant.—But here comes the Major.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON, L.H.

Oh, major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them:—but all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin: what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves? (*Apart.*)

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Major S. Lookye, master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial—— (*Goes up to Bruin.*)

Bruin. What then?

Major S. Then! why then you would be broke. (*Retreats.*)

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Major S. What! read the articles of war. But these things are out of your spear: points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my vife in the garden?

Major S. Now, sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: all suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason. I heard of your tricks at the King of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about, I did. Father sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Major. S. Stop whilst you are safe, master Sneak: for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past—but for (*To Bruin.*) you——

Bruin. Well.

Major S. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why, looke, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of

my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts—— (*Jerry and Bruin Strip.*)

Major S. Box! box!—Blades! bullets! Bagshot!

Mrs. S. Not for the world, my dear major! oh, risk not so precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his sousings, his sweatings, his swimmings, must his dear blood be spilt by a broker?

Major S. Be satisfied, sweet Mrs. Sneak; these little fracases we soldiers are subject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs. Sneak. But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant. (*To Bruin.*)

(*Sneak and Bruin put on their Coats.*)

Mrs. S. Major! sir Jacob! what, are you all leagu'd against his dear life?—A man! yes, a very manly action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife: if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh lord, I can hold out no longer! why, brother Bruin, you have set her a veeping. My life, my lovy, don't veep: did I ever think I should have made my Molly to veep? (*Goes up to her.*)

Mrs. S. Last legs, you lubberly— (*Beats him.*)

Sir J. Oh, fie, Molly!

Mrs. S. What, are you leagu'd against me, sir Jacob?

Sir J. Pr'ythee don't expose yourself before the whole parish. But what has been the occasion of this?

Mrs. S. Why, has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! 'ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purferment?

Mrs. S. Did you ever hear such an oaf? Why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest. Lookye, Jerry, mind what I say; go get 'em to choose somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do, father sir Jacob?

Sir J. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but

come, we'll settle the business at once. I'll get Crispin Heel-tap to be his locum tenens.

Sneak. Do, Crispin, do be my locum tenens.

Heel. Master Sneak, to oblige you I will be locum tenens.

[*Exit*, L.H.

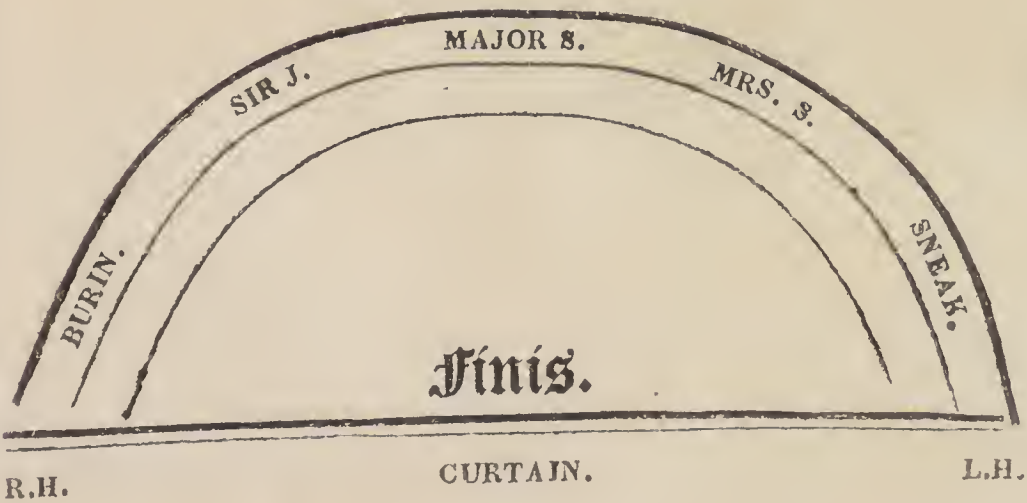
Sneak. Forget and forgive, Major.

Major S. Freely.

Nor be it said, that after all my toil,
I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.
To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield,—

Sir J. As harmless in the chamber as the field.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



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